A

SONG

FOR THIS

Sad Times;

Composed

By One of the now many

Wanderers,

When much Separated from the Society of Men, and somewhat incommodat for other Works to divert him from vain Ravings, and for to Humble and Recreat his own Spirit.

By Mr. JO. CASTAIRS, Minister of the Gospel at *Glasgow*, when under Imprisonment.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by JOHN REID, at his Printing-House in *Bells-wynd* at the head of the *Court of Guard*. Anno 1691.

A SONG for this sad Times composed by one of now many Wanderers, when much seperated fr the Society of Men, and somewhat incommodat other Works, to divert him from vain Ravings, a for to Humble, and Recreat his own Spirit.

1. I HAVE this while a Prisoner clos's,
been without Liberie,
And some time scarce accommodat,
as it had wont to be.
2. But sure I should be well content
to lurk in hill's or cell's.
Who justly might long since have been
lodg'd in the lowest hells;
3. And that for all this I have done
already. [illegible]
Should I not in all reason be
well pleased with my lot.
4. It is His Presence I perceive
that sweetneth every place
O that I could then evermore
seek His most blessed Face!
5. Whereof but one smile, doth the soul
refresh a great deal more,
Then Crowd of Friends, and of that sort
of Comforts greater store.
6. This small Propine I have you sent,
a Coppie of some Lines,
For substance from experience drawn
and richest scripture Mynes.
7. Whose Fields abound with Treasure hid,
and Games of greatest price,
O but the Divine scriptures be
an excellent Device!
8. Wherein GOD's Wisdom manifold,
it self doth clearly show,
In suiting them to things and time
as if writ just but now.
9. Did CHRISTS Word in us richly dwel,
to one another we
In Psalm's, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,
admonishers might be.

10. An

10. And though we ſing the loweſt baſe,
even of the ſadeſt port,
Yet might they then in Quiver all
ſome ſweet notes of Comfort.
11. Of grief and joy together mixt,
we might fine Muſick make,
That would our ſouls ſome way from Earth,
to HEAVEN by tranſport take
12. Where doubles of tweet ſingers all
the very ſweeteſt are,
Surpaſſing *David*, *Jeduthun*,
Aſaph, and *Heman* fare.
13. Their great long maſters mate with them,
but like ſchool Boys would be,
Who learn the game, and their firſt notes,
ſing with difficulty.
14. Their Harps are ſcrew'd to higheſt page,
their voice ſweet ſhrill and clear,
Amongſt them all no jarr you will,
nor diſcord ever hear.
15. Their ſongs above are all compoſ'd
of pure, but various joyes,
More ſweet then thoſe on Organs play'd,
and ſong by men with joyes.
16. Our harps now hang on willows, and
by Babell ſtreams we weep,
But then w'l ſing, play, dance, and all
our holy meaſures keep.
17. Diſturb'd much now are all our ſongs,
by ſin, devils, and ill men;
But then in ſpite of them, we'le ſing
that Heavenly *requiem*.
18. We here through ſin, trouble and greif,
win ſcarcely one to croon
But then the Lambs ſongs we'l chaunt too
that new Cœleſtial tune:
19. And common tunes with all their parts
as toyes will be forgot
When that comes forth not heard on Earth,
all new in every note.
20. Thoſe Harpers on the ſea of Glaſs,
will make ſuch divine ſound,

That thence against the echo will
about the throne abound.
21. Where siteth GOD, and *Christ*, the *Lamb*,
in robs of Majesty,
Surrounded with the elders grave,
who alwayes ravished be.
22. Them to behold, and cannot those,
But still to chaunt and sing,
That vision blest, fresh matter doth
of new songs ay them bring:
23. When all heavenly Quiristers,
shall each their own part sing,
That consort rare of voices sweet,
will make GODS temple ring.
24. Sad as I am me thinks I am fain
their melody to hear,
Shall I once be a member of
that sweetly warbling queer.
25 When *I* through cold and darkness was
forc'd to ly much on bed.
I to this song by providence,
as by the hand was led,
26. Which did from viewing vanities,
some what at least divert,
If not chear up and humble too,
my sad, but yet light heart.
27. *I* wish't might have on you the same,
or some more blest effect,
Such as it is, pray take it as
a pledge of my respect;
28. But since it is the first I essay,
I have made of that sort,
I do expect, that you with it
the better will comport.
29. When shall it once at last to me,
through grace to my lot fall,
From GOD above to have and hold
my expectation all
30. If *I* within these bounds.
were happily confind,
Nothing I am inclin'd to think,
would thence forth cross my mind;

31. If in him also I my self
delighted only still,
He would according to his word,
my heart desires fulfill:
32. Though earthly comforts were dry'd up,
and all-together spent,
Yet his own all-sufficient self
would yeild me full content.
33. O! this a little heaven on earth,
would sure found for to be,
Unto a fainting sojurner,
like wandring weary me;
34. But when I look to others arts,
dreaming to be made up,
It's just I should be made to drink,
out of some empty cup;
35. Where while I drunk my self *I* find
To be the dryer still;
Thus will it doubtless alwayes be,
till he my heart shall fill
36. For sisterns that no water hold,
can never satisfy,
The immortal soul inlarg'd desires,
and vast capacity;
37. The grateſt draught, but draught provoks,
and choaks the heart with thirst,
Yea to these cisterns hastes again,
more dry then at the first
38. A Scripture truth most plain this is,
as any there contain'd,
And after thousands of essays
In ages all maintaind.
39. Though I but little know of GOD,
and of his works and way,
Yet from the experience clear, I can
confirm this truth to day:
40. For I two great ills did commit,
at which amaz'd may be,
And very desolat the Heavens,
yea frighted horribly;

41. *I* Ciſtrens broke hew'd to my ſelf
that would no Water hold,
And living Waters Fountain did
forſake, how can't be told!
42. I am the Perſon, I muſt grant,
that fooliſhly did try
Waters to ſeek at Winter brookes,
which Summers drought doth dry.
43. For which I'm forc'd with *Tames* Troups,
confounded to turn back,
Since there of either ſtrip or brook,
there's now no path or track.
44. A Childiſh fancy ſure it was,
to dream theſe brooks could byd,
When Perſecuting heat ſhould riſe,
or trouble Men betyde:
45. For which I am now made to drink,
as to my ſelf *I* brew'd;
On every ſerious thought of which
my ſorrows are renew'd;
46. *Like Succoths* Men I'm alſo taught
as't were with thorns and briars,
Some Leſſons not well Learn'd by me,
before in many Years;
47. And therefore in diſpleaſures juſt,
of trouble in this Day,
I with a ſharp go get them, better
am by him ſent away:
48. That it's an ill and bitter thing,
I am now made to know,
From Him that is the Living GOD,
to have departed ſo;
49. And that His Fear before mine eyes,
as it ſhould not have been
Before me, now both griefs and wounds
and moſt ſad things are ſeen;
50. About my neck wreath'd by His Hands,
Is my tranſgreſſions yoke,
So hard that ſtrange it would not be
though it my breath ſhould choak;

51.

51. He bitter things against me writs,
and me poſſeſs doth make
Of Youth and older age, the ſins
for which my heart doth aike
52. In the light of His Countenance,
my ſecret ſins ſets he,
And with the fruit of mine own wayes
fills heart, backſliding me.
53. My feet He putteth in the ſtocks,
and marketh narrowly
My footſteps all, and on my heels
a vive print ſetteth He.
54. He alſo, now alace! hath made
heavy on me my chain,
O! that his reconcilled Face,
might through theſe dark clouds ſhine.
55. Proſperity I have forgot,
my ſoul's from peace remov'd,
I tempted am to doubt ſometimes,
if ever He me Lov'd.
56. That ſin by all, this one World think
is now much mortifi'd,
And that *I* am not to the World
a little crucifi'd.
57. But troubles great gone through may be
and ſin as dead ſtill ly:
Which yet may after make the Man,
oh, ſin hath ſlain me cry!
58. The thornieſt croſs not bleſt, but proves
like pricking of a pin,
Which will nor peirce, let be his heart
this Leviathan skin;
59. Sharp pointed things in troubles mire,
ſpread under it may be,
And yet it not ſo much as groan
or move it ſelf you'l ſee.
60. At ſling-ſtones darts ſpears of the croſs,
it laughs, and counts them ſtuble
Unto this day, it ſlain or hurt
was never by meer trouble.

61. Nay it's courag'd sometimes and grows
more fierce, when these it prick,
And were it in the LORDS own hand
to spit, it would not stike
62. As in our bodies humors, that
highly Malignant be,
All Cures not soveraign to reject,
and rage the more we see,
63. For instance if we do call
of this thruch grave and sad,
Within, without, long since, and now,
too many may be had.
64. The LORD may smile and hide His Face
yea, very angry be,
And yet we in our own hearts way,
go on most frowardly.
65. No way there is with their mad hearts,
and desperat to deal,
Yet having seen our wayes, that He
may gloriously them heal,
66. GODS People in the desart, He
many strange ways did kill,
Yet notwithstanding of all this,
they sinned ever still.
67. Nay some there were GOD surely strook,
yet they transgress'd the more,
And sin is now as loath to die,
as then, or long before.
68. Sin may with Men to troubles great,
to Prison, Bonds Exile,
Yea't may be to a scaffold go,
and yet live all the while.
69. When I through fire and water both,
nay were I drag'd through hell,
Yet that sin liv'd in strength, I could,
from sad experience tell.
70. What are not souls of damned men,
tormented in extream;
Yet sins so high, that now their work
is GOD still to blasphem.

71. Nothing

71. Nothing in HEAVEN, Earth, or Hell,
will make ſin ceaſe to live,
But grace alone, which ſtill hath this
for its prerogative.
72. Since devils then find in HEAVEN, and they
with men in hell do ſo,
That nought but grace can ſin ſubdue,
it's high time we ſhould know:
73. For ſince *I* walkt without the Sun,
companion to Owls,
My troubles of that kind, that it
ſome friends affections cools.
74. Moſt near Relations now from me,
He hath removed farr,
Former acquaintance alſo do
at my affliction ſcare.
75. When GOD on's Peoples ſins himſelf
begins once to avenge,
Amongſt their other tryalls, then
the World grows very ſtrange;
76. Their Croſs, tho' Chriſt for ſubſtance may,
by them alſo nicknam'd,
By friends which will them ſtrangely tempt,
of it to be aſham'd,
77. Though by Mens judgement to be judg'd,
for us its a ſmall thing,
Since GOD or long all blacks and whites,
forth to the light will bring.
78. But here to ſtoup I am conſtrain'd
in midſt of this complaint,
To tell that he's both good and kind,
which makes my grief relent,
79. Some times he makes me hope, that all
my ſins He will forgive,
And though that I be thruſt at ſore,
yet ſhall not die but live:
80. And were it known what *I* have done,
what I have alſo been,
It would be wondered at, that I
ſhould ever be forgiven.

81. But what's in our eyes marvellous,
is nothing so in his,
Who in the pardoning of sin,
a GOD most matchless is:
82. This art of favour and of grace
shew'd me, were it proclaim'd
From misbeleif, all humbled souls
forever might be sham'd;
83. He sometime also visits me,
and asks me how I doe;
Come faithfull friends he doth provide,
that looks me well unto.
84. *Its* taught, not talk'd, of love that works
most kindly simpathy,
That man so taught's the brother sure
born for adversity;
85. This friend at all times loves, and is
more kind then any other;
Yea he's the very friend that sticks
more close then any brother:
86. For sin I am made to possess,
moneths of vanity,
And nights that be right wearisome,
appointed are for me;
87. In bed with tossing I am fil'd,
till dawning of the day
And then he musters up in view
my sins, in battell ray:
88. Deaths terrours sometime me inclose,
his archers me surround,
And me my persecutors all
Between the straits have found,
89. He in his sore displeasure hath
sad things unto me shew'd.
And sometimes against me are, alace!
his witnesses renew'd.
90. But righteousness to him belong
and justly I'm thus serv'd,
Yea punish'd far beneath, truely
what my sins have deserv'd:

91 And

91 And that I'm yet a living man
out of the pit should I,
Complain of punishment, tho great
for mine iniquity.
92 If I at last be sav'd, and get
my soul given for a prey;
Tho I through seas of trouble sweem,
I'm well come too *I* say.
93 Yet, O; He is a jealous GOD,
and on his children will
For their inventions vengeance take,
though pardon them yet still.
94. For instance here, we may pitch one,
Moses the Man of GOD,
Who for's escapes at *Meribah*,
with his foot might not trod
95. In *Caanans* Land, yea though to see it,
he pray'd most earnestly;
Yet be content, saith GOD, and speak
no more of this to me.
96. By him, as the choise instrument,
even at the toutch of's rod,
Most dreadful signes and wonders wrought,
the great and mighty GOD.
97. For *Israels* sins, full fourty dayes,
the LORD he did intreat
Most earnestly, even all the while,
did neither drink nor eat.
98. A *Mediator typicall*,
'twixt them to deill did he
On *Sinai*, and to represent
Christ the true one clearlie
99. The meekest man he was on earth,
my divine testimony,
In's own concerns, though in the LORDS,
even to hoofs peremptory!
100. He faithfull was in all GODS house,
and in his sight found grace,
To be his none such favorite,
and speak him face to face.

101. And through his great converſe with GOD,
the skin of's face did ſhine,
That none could ſpeak with him, unleſs
a vail was drawn thereon.
102. Nay, more with his own hands, the LORD
his body did interr,
And raiſ'd him up with *Jeſus Chriſt*,
transfigured to confer.
103. So many things ſo great and ſtrange,
met never in one man;
Nor to this day his parallel,
the world afford none can.
104. Accordingly the Spirit's pen,
his Epitaph thus drew;
No Prophet ſince like him aroſe,
whom face to face GOD knew:
105. Yet he, even he, ſo rare a Man,
for one ſlip payes thus dear,
Is this not of GODS jealouſie
a demonſtration clear.
106. Had our groſs ills let be our ſlips,
ſuch marks on them ſet now,
All hopes to ſee GOD this ſide Heaven,
would be cut off I trow:
107. And very like it may ſo, with
this generation be,
That he in trouble waſte our dayes,
and years in vanity.
108. But free and ſoveraign grace, I grant
makes ſuch Prognoſticks fail,
When not in common rule; but by
prerogative he'l deal:
109. And if with us he take not now,
this very ſoveraign way,
We're gone, and in our ſins we will
and troubles pine away:
110. He is ſo very jealous, that
his love cannot endure,
That any ſoul eſpouſ'd to him,
ſhould gade and play the whoor:

Nay

111. Nay, such is his love jealousie,
that he'l not be at peace
If such, but turn the least aside,
strange bosomes to imbrace.
112. And though it be most true, that he
putting away doth hate;
Yet even for unchaste whoorish looks,
his dear spouse he will beat.
113. This thought sometimes rolls in my mind
that this our age quite wrack,
That of Gods jealousie and dread,
there hath been gross mistakes.
114. The greatest rage of mortal men,
is sure their jealousie,
Wherein of the great gods, we may
some dark resemblance see.
115. By this if Men be once inrag'd,
none may them stand before,
And this though mixt with love, yet makes
his Children dear to roar.
116. By this if he be roused up,
and with his feet but stamp
On the most stout, or stupid sp'rits,
it puts a mighty damp
117. His jealous frowns, his wrath rebuke
for sin, mans beauty makes
Moth like consume, so vain he proves,
when wrath hold on him takes:
118, As when he giveth peace none dare,
to make trouble be bold;
So when in wrath to hide his face,
none can him then behold.
119. Were all this and much more beleiv'd,
that told as truth might be,
To sport with what provokes his wrath,
so bold we durst not be.
120. But who of's wrath the mighty power,
doth know and understand,
Sure none, but such as are in's fear,
instruct with a strong hand.

121. This

121. *This* is most sure, when sense of wrath
trysts with an other crosse,
That man though dearly lov'd, yet will
be at a mighty loss.
122. This doth dump, fright, reel, confound
and put the man in doubt,
He can but cry, ah; now alase!
my sin hath found me out.
123 For great infirmities sustain,
yea will the sprit of man,
But a wrath wounded spirit for sin,
who is he that bear can?
124. GODS terrours, though a friend, will put
a man upon a rack,
And if they should continue long,
would him even distract.
125. To cross'd and werstling man knew we
what but one smile would yeild
In troubles, this would most take up
to have GOD reconcil'd.
If *I* unfold could all the truth
on this concerning theame,
That writen is upon my spirit,
as a bright sun beam.
127. O child of GOD! thou would'st no more
from him to cisterns go,
But still cry out as most averse,
I'le no, I'le no, I'le no.
128, *This* for the time I do declare,
should death me now approach,
For all these cisterns pits and brooks,
my soul in thirst should scorch:
129. If but one scruple of his wrath,
were mingled in my cup,
The poyson thereof, quickly would
even all my sprits drink up.
130. What then could cisterns, pits and pools,
In such a choak availl,
When fire from heaven sent in my bones
against them would prevail.

131 It would within me doubtleſs raiſe
ſuch Soul inflaming drought,
That all theſe could not yeild what would
once cool, or wet my mouth.
132. Bus *Dives* like, I ſhould be forc'd
in that hate flame to cry,
O, that the leaſt drop watter now
to cool my tongue had I;
133. But one wayes then my thirſt to quench,
to drink life water ay,
Nothing this Fever heat to cooll,
but at lifes well to ſtay.
134. O, lingering time, run ſwift! take wings
flee quickly and be gone,
That I in HEAVEN with him may be,
and ſee His Face anone.
135. There Criſtal Rivers pure and clear
from under's Throne proceeds
Wherefore the firſt draught, ſurely would
quench all my thirſt with ſpeed,
136. There would I drink and eke forgett
all bypaſt miſery,
And never more remember would
my former poverty.
137. Then take their laſt Good-night, would all
my jealouſies and fears
And me for ever bid farewel,
all ſighs, all groans all tears.
138. To theſe the Lambs and *Moſes* ſong
Triumphant would ſucceed,
That revelation would ſurpriſe,
my ſoul in very deed:
139. For unto it light, life, and love,
would follow allwayes no doubt,
And thence again would joyful praiſe
for evermore flow out.
140. For at's right Hand moſt perfect joyes,
and ſweeteſt Pleaſures be,
Make haſte, make haſte, Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*,
O, bid me come and ſee!

141. The

141. The Sp'rit and Bride did long since say,
Come, come, LORD unto me,
And thou again didst make reply,
Surely I come quickly.
142, Then for that glorious day, my soul
do thou long cry and call,
Wherein the LORD *JEHOVAH* may
to me be All in All:
143. Till shaddows flee, and that fair day
shall break, and on me dawn,
Make me, O LORD, to live as thine,
and never more mine own!
144. If thou at first didst make and frame,
and then redeemedst me,
Should *I* not judge, *I* ought to live
eternally to thee.
145. O, if to me to live were once,
most precious *Jesus Christ*!
Then death would unto me be gain,
and we should friendly tryst:
146. Though death me found shipwrackt at sea,
or in a forraigne Land,
At home in prison or in bonds,
or in the murtherers hand
147. Though it may meet in boots or block,
In gibbet, fire, or blood,
Even mank't or maim'd, dismembred all
it would my friend stand good.
148. For death by *Christ*, death's reconceil'd,
and will not friends annoy,
But to the place of the King
them wish and save convoy.
149. Where what shall be our welcome home,
our best is to agree
To make a humble reference,
till we come there and see
150. And when in that assembly, great
GOD this referr shall call,
Then what is heaven sight, will resolve,
more then did hearings all!
151. We as amaz'd then will cry out.

the one half was not told,
Of all the glory that is here,
which now your eyes behold.

152. As swallowed up in this great gulf,
words blushing will retire,
And thoughts tho schrew'd up to the height,
will then stand and admire:

153. Nor so to speak, the object will
swel'd to such bigness be,
That compast by conceptions armes,
unabled be will we;

154. In summ, there we'll not sin, nor be
tempted to sin at all,
But as his servants do him serve,
so we then serve him shall:

155. In our fore-heads most lively then
shall His Name written be.
Like unto him we shall be made
and as he is him see.

156. Then to believe and wonder, none
will need us to exhort,
That sight will ravish us, and as
in extasie transport.

157. O! but the lively hope of this
strong influence, should have
Though men in *Eden* dwelt, to make
us long this world to have;

158. *Much* more this blest and glorious hope
would have a mighty stroak.
On the supportance of our sprits,
in this destress and choak.

159. This losse of life and moveables,
with forfaults of estates
This losse of money out in bonds,
with gifts made of eschеats;

160. This losse of dear relations all
Let be a whiles divorce,
By tossings, wanderings, flights, exiles,
or what then these were worse

161. Would make to be comported with,
for sweet *Christ Jesus* sake:
For whom we're bound without refer,
even all things to forsake:
162. For him, I say, who did for us
come down from heavenly Throne,
And as a worm, and not a Man,
did creep his foot-stool on.
163. His entrance first into the world,
was all its pomp without,
To justice as our surety then,
he very low did lout.
164. For when to *Bethlem Joseph* goes
with's Mother, they're not able
A room to purchase in the Inn,
but they must to the stable;
165. Where that blest Child, she forth did bring,
and with her hands him swadle.
And in a manger did him lay,
having no better cradle:
166. Of's birth the first news came not to
Kings, Nobles, Men of might,
But to poor Sheepherds, who were there
watching their flocks by night;
167. And to this day few worldly wise,
Noble, or Great he calls,
But for the most part, the best lot
to meanner ones still falls;
168. His Kingdom comes not with great shew,
but glorious makes within,
Its now, and will be yet, as it
from its first rise hath been:
169. Though we in great winds, earthquakes, fire
would have him come with noise,
Yet oft he is in none of these,
but in the still small voice;
170. Though we, I say, would often have
him come the higher way,
Yet in the lower he delights,
himself much to convoy:

171. In's Infamy to save his life,
to *Egypt* they're made flee,
And for his sake, all *Bethlems* Babes
King *Herod* made slain be.
172. *CHRIST*'s Kingdom is too oft suspect,
as no great friend to Kings,
Which many of them, at the length,
of persecution brings.
173. And this again doth him provoke,
to plague sore these great ones,
And if they turn not at the last,
to overturn their thrones:
174. For with thrones of iniquity,
by law mischief that frame,
No fellowship he'l have, but will
as mortar tread the same,
175. To loose the bonds of mighty Kings,
for him's no great attempt,
And on the Princes of the Earth,
to pour shame and contempt;
178. Nay, he the Sp'rits of Princes great,
cuts off most easily,
And to the Kings that be on Earth,
most terrible is he:
179. For of the Lords he is the LORD,
and of all Kings the KING,
When they're unking'd, he'l gloriously
before his Ancients reign.
180. O! that Earths Kings, to this great KING
would all once homage pay,
And kiss the Son, least in his wrath
they perish from the way.
181. Though great Law-giver, yet he was
made subject to the Law,
And of his Parents which he made,
when young he stood in aw.
182. O strange! the everlasting Father
a Child and Youth to see,
And the great Potter, unto clay
stooping so rev'rently

183. With

183. With him to worship when twelve Years
he to *Jerusalem* went
Betimes to shew to keep the Law,
he in the World was sent:
184. And that by going when so young,
for that end to the Temple,
GOD soon to worship, young ones might
be taught by his example.
185. Thereby withal, right early he
GODS Majesty attones,
For our neglect of worship, when
we were yet younger ones.
186. Once with the Doctors then, and there
most gravely reason'd he,
That of's Prophetick office they
might have a preludie
187. And that a Child might teach to Men,
How to manage debates,
And in all these might purge the sin
of their distempring heates.
188. But what was done by him besides,
throughout whole thirty Years,
Wherein he lurk'd and liv'd obscure.
nothing in writ appears.
189. Unless it be, that though he made
the World, and it adorn'd
Yet as a Carpenter to Work
With's hands he nothing scorn'd.
190. That Lawful Callings He thereby
might to us sanctifie
And us provoke to some of these,
GOD still to Glorifie.
191. And further more that guilt contract
by us from Day to Day,
In all our Lawful Callings might
be taken clean away.
192. And these some four Years that to Preach,
he publickly appear'd,
He made no noise into the streets,
his cry was ever heard:

193 When

193. When doing greateſt things, how oft,
Tell no man, then ſaid he,
Though when the leaſt are done by us,
tell all men, cry do we.
194. O! here to him we're moſt unlike,
who love ſo much the ſtreet,
And in our way to heaven, do make,
ſo great noiſe with their feet:
195. One grace alace! we love to have,
by mens aplauſe ſun ſhin'd,
And hence it comes to paſs, that it s
ſo withered, dry'd, and cryn'd;
196. It alſo may be one great cauſe,
that faith hath now ſuch doubting,
That *Chriſtians* of this have lov'd,
to be ſo much in outing.
197. Did he not once, who could not err?
ſay how can ye beleive?
Who in the air of mutual praiſe,
do love ſo much to live:
198. And ſure as no true faith can be,
where reigneth this great ill;
So where that is prevails, the ſoul
with great doubts it doth fill,
199. O! When religion outrings all
to have, once we ſhall win,
As meer conſtrain'd reſults of grace,
in life and power within:
200. Hereby this patern bleſt, we would
reſemble very near,
who lov'd allwayes to hide, but when
He forc'd was to appear.
201. A longs his life, for's people he
of ſorrows was a man
To make aquaintance eke with him,
ſad griet betimes began.
202. We read not he ever laugh'd,
but oft he weept and groan'd,
Mens ſins, and their calamities,
is moſt ſadly bemoan'd,

203. Him had you seen, ye would have said,
this in his face appears,
Who though but thirty four, yet look'd
like one of fifty years;
204. His visage more then sons of men,
so very much was marr'd,
We hid as't were, our face from him,
And at his trouble scar'd.
205. No form nor beauty was in him,
unto the carnal eye,
Why he should be desir'd, and yet
even all desires was he
206. To *Atheism*, to *Devils Worship*,
self Murther, Doubt dispair,
Him for full fourty days to tempt,
the devil did never spare:
207. In all which great tentation,
sin did him never stain,
But he a victor absolute,
did constantly remain.
208. These Worlds Prince came, but nothing
in him to work upon; (found
For the only man he was in whom
of Satans work was none.
209. And such an *High-priest* undefil'd,
us without doubt became,
Who separate from sinners was,
holy, and without harme
210. Though sinless, yet he in all points
was tempted as are we
That when we're tempted, he to us
a succorer might be
211. Such a *High Priest* we now have then,
with our infirmities.
Who will most feellingly be touch'd,
and with us sympathize:
212. He Weary was, and Thirsty both,
he often laiked Bread,
Though LORD of all, yet had he not
whereon to lay His Head.

213. He

213. He though most rich for his People
took on such Poverty,
That Women of their substance did
afford him some supply.
214. He in the Garden heavy was,
and sorrowful to death,
In's Hand a Cup Justice did put
of sin reveanging wrath.
215. At which amaz'd trembling he stood,
the Tears rush'd in his Eyes
A grout he fell on's face to pray,
and sometimes on his knees.
216. And when the wrathful comflict grew,
wise Justice thinking 't good,
Till he was in an agony,
and therein did sweet Blood;
217 He offered up more earnest Prayers,
with strong Cryes, and with Tears,
To him who could him save, and heard
in what were then his fears.
218. His suit unto his Father was
On Ground, yet prostrate still,
O let this Cup depart from me
if it be thine own will;
219 *Yet not my will, O Father dear,*
But thy blest will be done;
Since for the elect that it should
be thus, we griev'd upon:
220. *Even for this cause, it was that*
came to this darkest hour,
Of burning wrath, that I might stand,
between them and the stour,
221. *I'le heartily then drink this cup,*
that these dear souls may be
According to Redemption past,
from it made ever free.
222. He captive was, and Prisoner,
he also was in bonds,
He very roughly used was,
among rude Souldiers hands.

223. Before mens courts he was araigned
and there accus'd of Treason.
Yea for the same he was condemn'd,
against all Law and Reason.
224. O strange the Just and Righteous Judge,
of all the World to see,
By wicked, and ungodly men
judg'd, and condemn'd to be.
225. 'Mongst Theeves, & Robbers, he was rank'd
nay, they to Him prefer'd,
That He was worse then any such,
the Church-men still averr'd,
226. He spit on was reproach'd, revil'd,
and fill'd with mocks and scorns;
Yea, buffeted, and scourged was,
and also Crown'd with Thorns.
227. Off His blest Cheek, pluck't was the Hair,
He on the Face was struck,
Yet all this for His Peoples sake,
most Patiently he took.
228. He Lamb like to the shambles was brought
never a Word did say,
But for his bitter enemies,
most earnestlie did pray.
229. A Purple Rob on Him they put,
in *His* Right Hand a *Reed*;
And but a mock of him they made,
who was a King indeed.
230 It's hard now to believe that this
poor object *Man* was GOD,
Who as a Worm by villest men
was under foot thus trode.
231. Stript, and rackt on the Crois He was,
the space of three full houres
Where all the while of Grief and Pain,
He had sharp Fits and Showrs,
232. His confidence in GOD and Prayers,
unto Him were cast up,
Which not a little to Him sure,
imbittered his Cup.

233. When

233. When wrought with pain, he thirsty was,
and for some drink did call,
Nothing was then allow'd on him,
but Vinegar and Gall;
234. And which was yet more sad and strange
when very near to die.
He's forc'd to cry my GOD, my GOD,
forsake why hast thou me?
235. Forsake he was as to what might
him sensibly comfort,
Though not at all, as to what did
him mightily support.
236. All this He suffered, and was made
for thee, I say, for thee,
Believing soul, and will thou not
him love, and for him die?
237. Ah! that about thy sufferings, thou
should with him thus debate,
Who of GODS fierce and flaming wrath,
for thee had such an heat.
238. His sufferings were so great, that them
the Sun could not behold,
But as afraid, and blushing did
himself in cloud infold.
239. The HEAVENS grew dark the Earth did quake,
the Rocks also were rent
At this strange sight, natures whole course,
out of course wholly went.
240. Come suffering saints, for CHRIST come,
view ye the sufferings here.
They're very many great and strange,
let all your's not dispair.
241. Be still, and of your sufferings small,
as great, talke ye no more
Like these on Earth, men shall again
be as were none before;
242. Your greatest suffering of the Cross,
but very small chips be,
On his blest shoulders sure did ly,
the great end of the Tree.

243. By these most dreadful sufferings, was
the Elect peace porcur'd,
On him did light GODS wrath and curse,
which ye should ay endur'd.
244. By these for you he also bought,
all sanctifying Grace,
With right to fellowship with GOD,
and sweetest sights of's Face,
245. By his, yours all, for him are blest.
and you thereby adorn'd;
By them your way is path'd to HEAVEN,
and you to him confirm'd;
246. Through sufferings he was made perfect,
and stept up to his throne,
Through that same way, should ye not be
content to follow one,
247. Come pledge him then in crosses cup,
for drunk't out was by him,
All dregs of wrath is now pure love,
from bottom even to brime.
248. Nay so prepaird that spiritual health,
It keeps and doth restore,
This Cup then take when it's propyn'd,
and scare at it no more.
249. He by his sufferings of GOD's wrath,
the Wine-press trod alone,
Of all the people of the World,
to help him there was none:
250. His Agony to see, it's true,
of,s friends He took the chief;
But ah! good Men they helped not,
but added to His grief;
251. And though their sins concurr'd, to bring
on him of wrath that showr;
Yet could they not be kept from sleep,
to watch with him one hour;
252. But left him all e're long, and each
unto his own did go,
And one of them, alas! did swear,
the MAN he did not know.

253. Her

253. Here ſtop we may, and ſadly mark,
what Men in Tryals are,
The beſt, when left from following CHRIST,
a poor *Maids* voice will ſcare:
254. *Let* us not then high minded be,
but fear and tremble all,
Leaſt on the ſtage of Tryal we
do catch ſome ſhameful fall.
255. No weight be laidon our moſt ſweet,
but yet untry'd reſolves,
Which the tentations cloſe approach,
moſt frequently diſſolves:
256. No ſtocks of grace, No by paſt helps,
no now warm fits we ſee,
Will after choaks ſuſtain, but ſhrink,
without CHRISTS freſh ſupplie.
257. If theſe Tryalls, then we would
be kept from all offences
Let's Fear, Watch, Pray, and humbly wait,
for Heavens new influences,
258. In all Chriſts ſufferings her's the Word,
this ſuffering MAN was GOD
Emmanuel he was, who bare
of wrath, this heavy load.
259. Let Men and Angells all admire,
how ſuch a thing ſhould be,
That GOD Eternal ſhould be MAN,
and ſuffer thus and die!
260. Let Reaſon ſtoup, ſtand by, and ſtill
for ever, hold its peace,
As quite tranſcended in it's reach,
let it to Faith give place.
261. Which yet none can that it is ſo,
in very deed believe,
But hardly can how it is ſo,
us ſatisfaction give:
262. Here Angels intellectual Sprits,
love to be Scholars ſtill.
And cannot at this miſtery great
of wondering have their fill

263. Into

263. Into it they with great delight,
do look, yea, dyve, and pry;
And yet they're not so much concern'd,
as stupid thou and I!

264. Which makes me think were't possible,
that Christ of's love could rue,
We would him tempt, our thoughts of it
and wondrings are so few.

265. But here's the wonder great, which shall
of wonder ever be,
That He loves them, that cannot love,
O! but His love is free:

266. And now because thou cannot love,
good news I pray thee hear,
The day's at hand wherein thou shalt
behold love, and admire.

267. Mean time for CHRIST take up thy Cross,
and bear it patiently,
Remembering what great things, and how
he suffered hath for thee:

268. For CHRIST, I say, take up thy Cross,
and be no more cast down,
For thou art now apparent heir
of an immortal Crown:

269. Which thou shalt wear e're it be long,
and be inthron'd in State,
Then thou'l be well, O! rarely well,
above reach of debate.

247. Now unto him who lov'd us, and
from sins in's own Blood wash'd:
And the hand-writing cross'd to us,
nail'd to his Cross our dash'd.

271. Who from principallities, and power,
did us as spoile rescue;
And ov'r them in't triumpht, and made
of them an open shew.

272. And to him who to this live hope,
hath us begot again,
By raising *Christ* up from the dead,
all Blessing be: *Amen.*

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

NATIONAL